

THE CASKET.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, THE ARTS, NEWS, &c.

EDITED BY EMERSON BENNETT.

VOLUME I.

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Original Poetry.

WRITTEN FOR THE CASKET.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY CHILD.

BY MRS. SOPHIA H. OLIVER.

"These were redeemed from among men, being the first fruits unto God, and to the Lamb."—[Rev. 14, 4 v.]

Redeem'd from earth, my gentle child,
Now thou art of that seraph band,
The pure in heart, the undefil'd,
Who roam the bright immortal land,
By crystal streams, through flowery meads,
Still following where the Savior leads.

Where doth the tender bud expand
We watch'd with many a sigh, and tear,
Too fragile, for this wintry land,

Too pure, for earth's polluted sphere—
Twelve bright moons mark'd her gentle bloom,
The thirteenth, beam'd upon her tomb!

Sweet one! when fondly on my breast,
I hush'd thee to thy soft repose,
And watch'd the wing of slumber rest
On violet eye, and cheek of rose—
While gazing on thy trusting eye,
How could I deem that thou would'st die?

That thou would'st die!—and from our bower
Withdraw the sunshine thou hadst shed,
While Grief should bid a purple flower
Spring up, where'er our footsteps tread—
And hopes, and dreams, once green and high,
Like Autumn leaves should lowly lie.

When on thy pale, cold brow of snow,
I press'd the last fond kiss of love,
Such love as only Mothers know,
A stream, whose fountain is above,
I felt that life was dear, and wild,
Bereft of thee, my gentle child!

When kneeling by the sacred tomb
That held the form so priz'd, so dear,
A voice dispell'd my bosom's gloom
And whisper'd soft, "she is not here.
Not here, not here, beyond the skies,
Her spirit lives in Paradise!"

What rapture thrill'd through every vein,
As Faith with eagle-piercing eye,
Beheld her in that seraph train,
The infant army of the sky—
By crystal streams, by flowery meads,
Still following where the Savior leads.

And now, though years have onward sped,
Through tears and smiles, through light and gloom,
Still memory o'er the lovely dead
Bids flowers of fairest verdure bloom,
And wakes her harp all sweet and low,
Whence soft delicious numbers flow.

Soft breathig tones, but not of woe,
Though lonely is the Mother's heart,
And Time's swift flight is all too slow,
For lov'd, and cherish'd friends apart—
Those gentle airs with hope are rife,
And whisper of eternal life!

Original Tale.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE CASKET.]

THE POOR STUDENT,
OR
THE LINWOOD FAMILY.

BY EDWARD MELANCTHON.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90.)

He rapidly perused the letter and quickly folded it. He betrayed much inward emotion, and as he superscribed it he dropped it upon the table and burst into a flood of tears. Clasp'ing his hands, he exclaimed—"Oh! Emily! Emily! a thought of thy innocence rebukes me. Thy loveliness scourges my soul. Didst thou know my secrets, thou wouldst point the finger of scorn and cry, "false! false!" and fly from my sight as virtue flies from vice. But—hush my soul—the die is cast—there is no help for it."

CHAPTER IV.

O fairest of creation, last and best
Of all God's works, creature in whom excelled
Motion can to sight or thought be formed,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!—[MILTON.]

Oh love! no habitant of earth thou art—
An unseen seraph, we believe in thee,
A faith whose martyrs are the broken heart,
But never yet hath seen, or e'er shall see
The naked eye, thy form, as it should be!—[BYRON.]

The incidents recorded in the last two chapters had transpired during a period of six months. Let us now forget these unpleasant occurrences and turn to a fairer scene; for, too much association with dark intentions and criminal doings is apt to render us misanthropic and less able to appreciate the dignity of our nature and the bright destiny before us.

Horace Melville, during this period had made the best possible use of his time at the Academy, and continued to increase the esteem of all who knew him, for his talents and his industry in unfolding his powers. He avoided society as much as possible, because he felt that his time would be nearly consumed if he attended to every invitation, and to prevent the unpleasant feelings that would arise if he manifested any partiality, he thought it best to have his position understood. He was a student without the influence of wealth or influential connections, and he must work his way alone against the competition of many aspirants backed by all the power of fortune and friends of honorable distinction. Besides, he need not to mingle in general society for relaxation, for there was one in whose presence his happiest emotions were enkindled and all his energies revived. Occasionally, therefore, at the close of the day would he visit Julia Linwood and bask in the light of her love speaking eyes, listen to the inspiring music of her voice as she sang with spirit and power accompanied with the piano, strains that told more of that spiritual realm where all is love and harmony than of earth where discord so abounds, and enjoy a rich interchange of thought, sentiment and emotion, that made him feel elevated in soul more and more toward the Good and the Perfect. They were mutually conscious of improvement, intellectually and spiritually, at every meeting. They did not converse about their acquaintances, the last novels or the floating rumors and slanders of the town, for this would be descending from their high position of intelligence and purity. They had abundant resources of their own—high thoughts and poetic imaginings that made them forget the trivial matters that generally occupy the attention of the young. Melville's voice was manly and melodious, his conversation easy, always animated and frequently touchingly eloquent. Julia's voice was distinct and musical, her enunciation perfect and her words rolled from her tongue as though they were called forth by

some superior spirit. Her countenance was in the highest degree expressive, and beamed the sentiment before it was communicated in speech. She could not speak without the fullest manifestation of deep sincerity and her heart never knew dissimulation.

Thus did Melville pass his hours of recreation, and thus was his mind renewed and strengthened for still greater efforts. He had now prepared himself not only for College, but for the junior class, and the time of his departure to an Eastern institution was at hand. He did not direct his attention to an Eastern College because the West furnished not all the aids he wished, but that he might enjoy the healthful influence of a change of scenery and of society. He had been but little from home and he looked upon a short residence in New England as a valuable discipline.

The commencement at the Academy was at hand, when half a score of good students and able young men were to make their last appearance in original speeches, before taking their seats in collegiate classes. These exhibitions had been well attended, but on this occasion a crowd was expected, for the fame of several promising students had gone abroad and the treat was anticipated with some impatience by the people. The speakers were not restricted in time and each was expected to manifest himself to the best advantage, being his own judge as to the degree of interest he could elicit and the time he could occupy without wearying the audience. The long looked for morning dawned—the hour arrived—the spacious hall was crowded and many were compelled to stand about the doors, and outside of the windows, content with only hearing the speakers. The speakers had been classed according to the professor's opinion of their respective merits, so that the interest might increase to the close. The exercises commenced. The first speaker gave great satisfaction, and applause being manifested, the President requested, as an especial favor to him, that the audience would refrain from all indication of approbation or disapprobation during the exercises. He enforced the policy of this request, and all seemed satisfied. The second speaker appeared, and acquitted himself with credit. The exercises of the fore-noon passed off apparently to the high satisfaction of the people. During the intermission, many were the eulogiums passed upon the ability of the young men. The hour having elapsed, the bell called together the audience for the afternoon. The Linwood family obtained a seat in front of the stage, and Melville felt a secret fear steal through his frame. Julia, he knew, was capable of criticizing minutely, and he did not feel conscious of his ability to justify the favorable impression he had made. The speaking again was resumed, at the close of which, the audience forgetting the Principal's request in the morning, shook the building with applause. He renewed it with earnestness. The interest did not flag with either of the speakers, and all seemed proud of the Western talent displayed on the occasion. There was an enthusiasm that pervaded the speeches, a clear enunciation and an energy of delivery that made the listeners feel the spirit of each theme. Melville was selected to close the regular exercises. It was now his turn, and he felt that he could hardly sustain the interest that had been awakened, and the expectations of the assembly. All, for the last few months, had heard much of him, and they had how come to see and hear for themselves. He had selected for his theme, the "Spirit of the Revolution," a subject which heretofore had never been truly treated or much impressed upon the public mind. To be sure, many high sounding speeches had been made on the National gala days, and much said of liberty and the heroism of the fathers of the Republic, but little had been developed of the inner soul of the Revolution, the spirit of God and of Progress, that nerved the patriot's heart and fired the enthusiasm of the philanthropist. To treat such a theme as it deserves, requires careful study and a kind of prophetic power to foresee and foretell the great results of that spirit to the world. Horace Melville was announced: a sudden silence pervaded the as-

sembly—not a breath was heard and all eyes were steadfastly watching his appearance. He came upon the stage in a dignified and graceful manner, and an emotion of pleasure seemed to enkindle every countenance. Melville surveyed the audience for a moment, giving, from the expression of the countenance, a premonition of that which he was about to utter. At length having prepared himself and hearers for the bold beginning, he said with the earnestness, determination and power of the great man that originated the motto of his discourse: "Cæsar had his Brutus—Charles the first, his Cromwell, and George the third, may profit by their example." At this utterance a deep emotion ran through the crowd, all of whom inclined forward, and some even rose involuntarily from their seats. The speaker then launched into a searching and eloquent analysis of the spirit of the times, when, the Great Cæsar having crossed the Rubicon, and planted the hand of despotism upon the neck of Rome, was struck down by Brutus at the base of Pompey's statue; when Charles the first, insisting upon an unrestricted prerogative, and executing by his minions all kinds of oppressions and cruelties throughout the British empire, was brought to the block by the God-guided energy of Cromwell and the Heaven inspired spirit of the Puritans; and when, in the progress of civilization in the New World the spirit of the Omnipotent whispered to the souls of the people, that here the proud arm of Monarchy should be stayed and this magnificent Continent be consecrated to liberty, intelligence and happiness, a few stout hearts and strong hands rolled back the tide of oppression and stripped from the diadem of George the third, the glory of the Western World. He searched deeply into that conservative spirit which was triumphant on the issue of the contest, and is still the sure conservator of human progress. He carried his audience gradually through the track that leads to a brighter destiny, and then so vividly portrayed the splendor of virtue, the dignity of mind and the paradise of happiness that awaits the children of men, that as he completed the picture, notwithstanding the President's precaution, one general burst of applause ascended from the auditory. He had so fortified his positions as he advanced, that his hearers were prepared to view with intense admiration the picture of human glory he intended to present them. It was a proud hour for Melville, and it was also a proud moment for Julia Linwood, who could not avoid feeling that the victory was also her's. Melville closed and retired from the stage amid many exclamations of auditors who had yielded to the charm of his eloquence and felt their better nature revive under the inspiring influence of purity and ardent enthusiasm for the good of man, that characterized the speech. He had hardly retired, before the cry of "Melville, Melville," rang through the audience, and he was compelled to appear again. He came forward composedly, without manifesting any vanity in consequence of the applause, and spoke extemporaneously and with a full, clear, musical voice as follows:—

My Friends:—I am not vain enough to suppose these plaudits so heartily given are designed for me. No: they are a tribute to that which is above us all endeavoring to work out the realities I have attempted to portray:—They are offerings to truth whose servants we are, and whose dictates we are bound to obey. I am truly gratified in finding, that your humble speaker has been a successful organ of Truth, and that her teachings are so agreeable to you all. I have consecrated my little talent and my time to the service of God in promoting human advancement. If, after a life of industrious labor in the cause of Humanity, I can depart hence in peace believing some have been made happier through my efforts, I shall have accomplished the object of my life. Your humble servant will ever recur with pride to this, his first appearance in public, and the results of his efforts this day will nerve him for every struggle, and embolden him to declare the whole council of truth as he understands it. I am about to leave you and this institution where I have passed so many pleasant days, and wishing you all a long life of prosperity and happiness, I bid you and each of you farewell."

Again the building trembled with the applause of delighted hundreds, and exclamations could be heard, "God bless him!" "May his days be many," &c.

There are "victories of peace as well as war," and those of the former are more brilliant than those of the latter in the view of all who bow to the umpire of intellect, spirit and industry, instead of physical force and animal courage. The audience departed and all felt better for the day's exercises. Much was said as they returned to their homes, of the hopes of Melville, his noble appearance and nobler soul. But the other speakers lost nothing by the triumph of Horace, for

they acquitted themselves in good style and shared the general applause. To their credit, be it said, they manifested no envy, but seemed to rejoice in Melville's success.

The session being closed, Horace made preparations to leave for college. He was to visit his parents and lay at their feet the proud tokens of his accomplishments at the Academy, and also his liberal patron who had watched his course and was present at the exhibition to witness with exultation the glorious results of his kindness in opening his purse to a poor scholar: thence he was to depart for Yale College to measure his talents with those who were assembled from distant parts of the Nation to prepare for stations of emolument and honor.

But, before leaving, there was one duty to perform which was both pleasurable and painful. Though all the world beside were forgotten, Julia Linwood must be remembered. He accordingly on the next day, while the sun was declining in the West, paid her a visit. Julia met him at the door and grasping his hand with an expression of the holy love she bore him, accompanied him into the parlor. Melville, though he had from the first seen enough to assure him of a true devotion, yet, on this occasion he saw a palpable difference. Her regards of deepest love were now mingled with a kind of veneration for the genius that had so recently elicited the heartiest applause and warmest congratulations of the people. They said not a word of the exhibition, for she knew all and felt all, and he did not visit to vaunt the glory he had achieved. But she had a song she sang accompanied as usual, that conveyed more than was in the power of conversation.

See! another star appears
In golden beauty shining
Enkindling hope, allaying fears
And brighter joys inspiring;
It is the star of genius beams
With virtue's purest light,
And love of man in all its gleams
Dispels the spirit's night, &c.

This song completed, Melville and Julia walked into the garden to breathe the spirit of nature in one of her loveliest scenes. They passed along the walks for a few moments in silent contemplation of nature's beautiful array, when Melville opened the conversation by remarking:

"I was just thinking, Julia, of that bounteous hand that has so amply provided all that can delight the ear, charm the eye and enliven the heart. How desolate would earth appear were there not grass to carpet the fields, trees with their foliage whispering in the breeze and shading us from the sun's meridian heat; and above all, were there not flowers to teach us lessons of innocence, purity and love."

"O, why cannot all the world profit by these lessons? How kind are the flowers! They borrow heat to revive them into bloom, and light to give them their rich coloring; and they amply repay the debt with volumes of sweetness and pictures of imitable splendor. And I, my dear Melville, was just thinking of the analogy of nature in this respect to that which most engages our attention. I loved you when first we met, and could not conceal my feelings if I would; you reciprocated that love and here we are united in one,—married by the decree of Heaven."

"O, my Julia, I am unworthy of you. I fear my poor nature has not fully reciprocated your affection."

"It is enough, Melville,—I am satisfied. I should be vain did I regard myself worthy of you. But I confide in you to pardon my failings."

"Say not so. Let us cease disparaging ourselves. I am pained, Julia, when I think of the suspense in which we must live before that happy period arrives when I shall be prepared with a good prospect before us to join hands with my beloved in the holy rite of marriage."

"Melville, are we not one already? Is not our union witnessed by sainted beings in the spirit-world? Legal forms may be prescribed, but they change not the heart."

"Say on, Julia, your doctrine is pleasant."

"Man and woman are but parts of a beautiful whole. It is the law of Nature that these parts shall meet; and when met, the spirit whispers in thrilling tones of love, and the decree of union is recorded above. There is a marriage of spirits in Heaven as well as on earth, and when the clay instrument of the mind is thrown off each soul seeks there its mate."

"Why, then," enquired Melville, "are there so many unhappy marriages on earth, if divinity presides at the Hymenal altar?"

"It is because the baser passions are developed at the expense of the purer feelings of the soul. Venality rules too

many and they know not the joys of virtuous thoughts and holy aspirations. When that period arrives which, yesterday you so eloquently portrayed, then will marriages on earth be truly marriages in Heaven."

"You are right—you are right. I had not thought of the subject in this light before."

"Say not, then, that we can be bound in a more perfect oneness than we now are."

"My ignorance occasioned that remark. But I meant, that circumstances would for some time prevent our compliance with the forms prescribed by society. I must graduate at college, enter a profession, and be assured of success, before I can dare to take from so happy a home, one who will trust to me for protection and happiness."

"I have no fears. Though surrounded here with all that you see, and blessed with the kindest father and mother, yet they have educated me to habits of industry, and with you I should be happy and fear no want. But I will patiently abide your time."

"Julia, I am about departing for New England, and have come here to spend these joyful moments with you though mingled with the unpleasant farewell."

Julia anticipated this. She never gave herself unnecessary trouble on account of dictates of invincible necessity. She was a philosopher and maintained the demands of a true philosophy. They now returned to the house and remained a short time in earnest conversation. Julia, as Melville was about to depart, seated herself at the piano and performed, in her common mode, a farewell song; after which, commending each other to the care of guardian spirits, and exchanging a tender salutation, Melville left, and Julia, watching his retreating footsteps, blessed him as he departed.

Within ten days Melville had visited his friends, made all arrangements, and started for a new theatre of study.

(TO BE CONTINUED ON PAGE 105.)

SLEEP AND SPRING.

Oh for that sweet, untroubled rest.
That poets oft have sung—
Like babe's upon its mother's breast,
Or birds upon its young;
The heart asleep without a pain,
When shall I sleep that sleep again.

When shall I be as I have been,
Upon my mother's breast,
Sweet nature's garb of emerald green,
To woo my form to rest;
Lone in the meadow, field and glen,
And in my native wilds again.

The sheep within the fallow field;
The herd upon the green,
The larks that in the thistle shield.
And pipe from morn to e'en;
Oh! for the pasture, field and fen,
When shall I feel such rest again?

I love the weeds among the fen
More sweet than garden flowers,
For freedom haunts the humble glea
That blest my happy hours:
Here prisons injure health and me,
I love sweet freedom and the free!

The crows upon the swelling hills,
The cows upon the lea,
Sheep feeding by the pasture rills,
Are ever dear to me.
Because sweet freedom is their mate—
Whilst I am lorn and desolate.

I loved the winds when I was young,
When life was dear to me;
I loved the song which Nature sung—
Enduring liberty:
I loved the woods, the vales, the stream,
For they my boyhood used to dream.

There toil itself was ever play,
'Twas pleasant e'en to weep;
'Twas joy to think of dreams by day—
The beautiful of sleep.
When shall I see the wood, the plain,
And dream those happy dreams again!

Secret Band of Brothers.

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WRITTEN FOR THE CASKET.

ASTOUNDING DISCLOSURE!

BY J. H. GREEN.

CHAPTER II.

In a previous work of mine, called "GAMBLING UNMASKED," an allusion is made to an evident conspiracy against my life, sometime before I became a confirmed gambler. Goodrich was the name, which I gave, as the chief actor. This same doubly refined villain, it will be remembered, by all who have read the above work, was foremost to aid in my arrest when I made good my escape to the Pine woods, lying back of New Orleans. The reader, will likewise recollect, that I could not, at that time, account for such manifestations of unprecedented malignity, on the part of one, from whom I might rather expect protection, than persecution. But the secret is out, and I now have the power to give clear and truthful explanations.

This Goodrich, who resides at the present time, in or near New Orleans, and who holds the rank of gambler general in that city of Sodom, was an old and advanced member of the "Secret band of Brothers." Knowing, as he did, that I was engaged in assisting the honest part of community to convict two brothers, who were plotting my downfall, as a sworn member of the above fraternity, he was solemnly bound to do all in his power to aid in the consummation of my personal ruin. That the world might know something of this Goodrich, (though the half cannot be told,) I gave in my autobiography, several incidents, in which he acted a prominent part. What I then said will answer for an introduction.

That he was connected with an organized association of gentlemen blacklegs will not be denied. The proof is abundant. Nor was he an apprentice, a mere novice, but long schooled in vice and ripening year by year, he swelled quite beyond the bounds of ordinary meanness, till he became a full-grown monster of his kind. Not content to gather riches by common roguery he sought out the basest instrumentalities as more congenial to his real disposition. His chief riches were obtained by dark and murderous transactions, and had he a score of necks, with hempen necklaces well adjusted, I doubt whether he could pay the full forfeiture to the law.

From my first acquaintance with him at Louisville, with blood-thirsty vigilance, he sought my destruction. Here began the risings of his malice, and this was the cause. In the year 1831, I gave information to the city police in relation to Hyman who, at that time, was the keeper of a hotel. It was while at this house, that Goodrich became my determined and implacable foe. I had been duped by the two brothers, before referred to, who were then confined in the calaboose for passing counterfeit money. Large quantities were also found in their possession. I was their confidant, so far as prudence would allow them to make any revelations. That they were guilty of the crime, with which they had been charged, no honest man could doubt, after being made acquainted with the circumstances. Yet they would swear most stoutly, even in my presence, that they were innocent, and that they had been deceived. I could not but believe they were guilty, after having witnessed so many of their iniquitous actions. Often have I been told, by the wife of one of them, that they could call to their assistance, if necessary, a thousand men. Who they were and where they were, so ready to uphold these abandoned men, I had, at that time, no knowledge.

At length, their situation became desperate. Already had they passed one year, within the walls of a gloomy prison, without the privilege of a trial. They were required to give bail in the sum of twenty thousand dollars each. No satisfactory bonds could be procured. The whole community were incensed against them. They had for a long time trampled upon private rights and warred against the best interests of the people. They had set at defiance all laws instituted for purposes of justice and protection, and they could not but expect a stern rebuke from all the friends of morality and good order. The only prospect before them upon a fair trial, was a sentence of twenty years to the penitentiary. This was by no means cheering, especially to those who had lived in ease and affluence, whose bodies were enervated by voluptuousness and hands made tender by years of idle pleasures. Crowds were gathering to witness their trial, and waiting in anxious suspense the issue. Disgrace, public disgrace and lasting infamy stared them in the face. They were put upon their last resources, and necessity became the mother of in-

vention. They fixed upon the following plan to extricate themselves.

Public opinion must be propitiated. An interest in their behalf must be awakened by some manifestation that would touch the chord of sympathy. A double part must be played. They would affect to change their sentiments. In this, they acted according to the laws of the secret brotherhood. With them, any thing was honesty that would effect their purposes. But to consummate their design, another object must be secured—some innocent person must be implicated and made a scape-goat for, at least, a part of their crimes. This game, they understood well, for they had been furnished with abundant means and instructions. It required also deep seated iniquity of heart, and in this there was no lack, for they were the sublimation of depravity. They must also have time and capital. These were easily provided, as will be seen in the sequel. There was an individual, with whom they had become acquainted in Cleveland, and upon whom suspicion had rested for some time. He was the man fixed upon as their victim. Of course he was not a member of their organized band. "Honor among thieves" forbid the selection of such an one. It was necessary, however, that he should be somewhat of a villain. Here also they exhibited much sagacity in the selection. It now only remained, to slip his neck into the noose, that was in preparation for themselves. All the instrumentalities being prepared to their liking, they immediately set the infernal machinery in active operation.

The first thing to be done, was, to change the direction of public opinion as to the real perpetrator. It must be called off from the persons who were now so hotly pursued, and put upon a different scent. The agents were at hand,—the Secret band of Brothers. These "dogs of war" were let loose and simultaneously the whole pack set up their hideous yell after the poor fellow previously mentioned. Many of them being merchants and holding a respectable relation to society, and most of them being connected with the different honorable professions, their fell purpose was the more easily accomplished. A continual excitement was thus kept up, by breathing forth calumny and denunciation against one who, however guilty of other things, was innocent of the thing laid to his charge. At the same time, the ears of the principal bank officers were filled with words of extenuation and sympathy toward the two brothers. Their former high respectability was adduced. That they were guilty, was not denied, but they had been misled and seduced. Intimations were given, that the name of the real villain, who had caused their ruin, would be given, provided they would ease off in their prosecution already in progress. And then, it would be such a glorious thing to secure the prime mover.

By these fair and seemingly sincere pretensions, they soon kindled relents in the hearts of the prosecutors. How could it be otherwise? for "they were all honorable men." Several of the individuals who assisted in maturing the plan, were men of commanding influence, in the very town where I was bred. I had abundant opportunities to know them. A proposition was finally made through them by the instructions of the officers, that, as the brothers knew their guilt was fully established, it would have a tendency to mitigate their sentence, if they would expose the head man, by whose knavery, many extensive property holders were threatened with total bankruptcy. This was the precise position, at which the secret band of brothers had been aiming. The next step was to secure, if possible, the younger brother as "state's evidence," against the appointed victim of Cleveland notoriety, whom, for the sake of convenience, I will designate by the initial letter of his name, T.

He was a man of extraordinary abilities and gentlemanly deportment. He and the two brothers were mutual acquaintances. They had been accomplices, no doubt, in many a deed of darkness. But as "the devil should have his due," I am bound to exculpate him from any participation in the alleged crime. That he was innocent in this affair I have the fullest evidence. I was solicited by the pettifogger (I will not say lawyer,) for the brothers to take a bribe for perjury and swear poor T. guilty of giving me five hundred dollars of counterfeit money, which money, he would place in my hands. Of this fellow, I will speak in another chapter. The younger brother was now to declare himself and brother as having been seduced by T. It was to be done without the apparent knowledge of the elder brother, whom we will hereafter call the Colonel. It was to be communicated to one of the officers, with a solicitation to keep it a secret from the Col. He also had an appointed part to play. The character he was to sustain in this drama of well concocted treachery, I will next present.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE CASKET.

CAMP WHITCOMB, NEAR NEW-ALBANY, }
June 28th, 1846.

MR. EDITOR:—

In accordance with the promise made in a former communication, I proceed to give you the result of an election held at Camp Whitcomb, near New-Albany, June 25th, for the purpose of electing field officers for the First, Second, and Third Regiments of the Indiana Volunteers.

As I predicted, the "Dearborn Volunteers" furnished a Colonel. As it turned out however, it was for the Third Regiment, instead of the First. The following named gentlemen were elected field officers for the three Regiments inclusive:—

First Regiment—J. P. Drake, of Marion, Colonel; C. C. Nave, of Hendricks, Lieut. Col.; Henry S. Lane, of Montgomery, Major.

Second Regiment—Joseph Lane, of Vanderburgh, Colonel; Wm. R. Hadden, of Sullivan, Lieut. Col.; James A. Cravens, of Washington, Major.

Third Regiment—James H. Lane, of Dearborn, Colonel; Wm. M. McCarty, of Franklin, Lieut. Col.; Willis A. Gorman, of Monroe, Major.

There appears to be some dissatisfaction among several of the companies, and I am not much surprised, for I believe that an underhanded game has been played, by some of the GREAT MEN now in power. As you do not admit anything of a political character in your valuable paper, I cannot, as a matter of course, give the full particulars. I will therefore, drop this part of the subject, and pass on to something else.

We were ordered, yesterday morning, to repair to the Camp and pitch our tents, which we did, and are now in about the centre of the encampment, surrounded on all sides by those who, like ourselves, have volunteered their services in defence of their country, and who will doubtless do their duty like men.

The regulations of the Camp, and the good order with which everything is conducted, speaks well for our officers. At ten o'clock at night, the tattoo is beaten and the ten o'clock gun fired, when every man is required to retire to rest,—no lights are allowed in tent after that time. Every man is required to be up by four o'clock in the morning—washed, and clothing in good order, ready to answer to his name when the roll is called.

Who are appointed Staff Officers, I do not know.

Doct. John G. Dunn, of Lawrenceburgh, has been appointed Assistant Surgeon, for the 3d Regiment, and has accepted the appointment. This appointment pleases the Dearborn boys very much.

When we shall be ordered to the South, I cannot tell. Gov. Whitcomb stated, in a speech delivered to some of the Volunteers a few days since, that HE had no idea they would have any fighting to do, and thought they would be ordered home VERY soon.

I will say, for the benefit of those who have friends in our company, that the Dearborn boys, generally, enjoy good health.

I commenced this communication on the drum-head, as I had nothing else to lay my paper on, but had not proceeded far, when we were ordered to strike tents and take up our line of march about a half mile below the encampment, which brings us very near New-Albany. We obeyed the order, and are now encamped, together with the nine companies composing the 3d Regiment, a short distance from the Ohio, and in a very pleasant situation. When we receive direct orders to leave for Mexico, I shall give you early notice.

Respectfully yours, &c.,

B. J. S.

As we cannot judge of the motion of the earth, by any thing within the earth, but by some radiant and celestial point that is beyond it, so the wicked, by comparing themselves with the wicked, perceive not how far they are advanced in their iniquity; to know precisely what lengths they have gone, they must fix their attention on some bright and exalted character that is not of them, but above them. "When all move equally," says Pascal, "nothing seems to move, as in a vessel under sail; and when all run by common consent into vice, none appear to do so. He that stops first, views as from a fixed point, the horrible extravagance that transports the rest."—[LACON.

Gross and vulgar minds will always pay a higher respect to wealth than to talent; for wealth, though it be a far less efficient source of power than talent, happens to be far more intelligible.

Sketches.

CHARLES AND SUSANNE.

A REAL INCIDENT.

Some months after the battle of Waterloo, Captain Thierry, at eight o'clock in the evening, was standing in the court of the great post-house, one arm in a scarf, and the other loaded with a small trunk, which contained nearly all the fortune of the officer on half-pay; (for such was the condition of the captain, who departed in '89 from Caudebec, with a few crowns in his pocket, to enroll himself at Paris,) returned to his country in 1815, no richer than he was twenty-six years before, but the bearer of most honorable badges of service, covered with glorious wounds, decorated with the cross of the legion of honor, and with the rank of captain. He was forty-five years old. The captain gave his little trunk to the post-boy, and awaited the moment of departure. The conductor gave the signal, placed everybody, then, opening the door of the interior—

'Captain Thierry,' said he, 'Madame the Marquise of Belle-Chasse, and her waiting-maid.'

The captain moved courteously, to let the ladies get in, and then took his seat. He braced himself in a corner; and, having placed his wounded arm in such a manner as to suffer as little as possible, he tried to sleep. The Marquise de Belle-Chasse was quite as silent on her part, and the timid voice of the maid was only heard from time to time, when she asked, 'Is Madame la Marquise well? Is Madame la Marquise cold? Does she wish me to put a shawl round her feet? Does she wish her flask of ether?'

'No, Lise,' replied the marquise; 'I wish for nothing; I am perfectly comfortable.'

While trying to fall asleep, the captain actually did so; and for some hours he had forgotten the marquise and her maid, when the diligence suddenly stopped, and he awoke.

'Monsieur officer,' exclaimed the marquise, 'save us!'

'Very willingly, madame,' replied the captain, throwing off his cloak. 'What's the matter?'

'Robbers, monsieur!' said the marquise; 'robbers! They say we are in the Black Forest.'

The captain put his head out of the door, and saw that the diligence was surrounded by fifteen or twenty gallants, well mounted and well armed. The postilion was off his horse, the conductor had left his seat, and both were tied in such a manner that they could make no further resistance. Three or four of these audacious robbers were already in the imperial, and rifling every packet of its contents; others had cut their horses' traces and broken one of the wheels of the diligence, which, at any moment, might lose its equilibrium, and upset.

'Madame,' said the captain, 'it is impossible for me to serve you; we are attacked in such a fashion that we must surrender without a blow, unless we die like heroes on the field of battle; and I confess to you that it would be very painful to me, who all my life have fronted the fire of the enemy's soldier, to perish on the highway, and that, too, by the hand of a robber. Besides, I am unarmed, and wounded in the right arm.'

He was still speaking, when the chief of the troop opened the door and begged the captain and his companions to have the goodness to alight.

'Gentlemen,' said the captain, placing himself before the marquise and her maid, 'there are two things which, living, I will never allow: one is, insult to ladies; the other, this cross of honor to be taken from my breast, which I have gained with the price of my blood.'

'You may keep your cross, monsieur,' said one of the robbers, politely, 'but you will give us your watch.'

'Certainly,' replied the captain, drawing from his fob a beautiful gold watch.

'As for the ladies,' continued the robber, 'they have nothing to fear, if they are only reasonable; if they will give us their purses, their gold chains, and especially,' added the robber, approaching the marquise, 'if madame will confide to me that little jewel which ornaments her pretty hand.'

It was a large diamond, a solitaire, which glided from the marquise's slender fingers into the callous hand of the robber.

All was done in an instant; the booty placed on their horses, which, mounted by the bold horsemen, started off at full gallop.

It was nearly midnight. The travellers assembled on the highway; they first untied the postilion and conductor, who were fastened back to back, and then consulted on the means of continuing their journey, or, at least, of finding a shelter for the night. Fortunately, they had not far to go to reach

the town of Vernon; the captain gave his arm to the marquise, and at the end of half an hour Madame de Belle-Chasse was seated by a good fire, opposite the captain, and both of them relished an excellent cup of tea, concealed by the maid from the investigation of the robbers.

'Indeed,' said Madame de Belle-Chasse, speaking to herself, 'it was only from the marquis.'

'And I,' said the captain, in his turn, perfectly comprehending her, 'I only had it from the watch-maker, and it was not as good as he warranted it.'

There was a moment's silence, and the captain, who had lost a little of his dislike for marquises, or perhaps the events of the night had made him forget his political prejudices, drew nearer to Madame de Belle-Chasse, whose veil half hid her face, and said familiarly—

'Parbleu! madame, this route is favorable—fatal, I mean, to me. It is not the first time that I have been stopped on it.'

'Indeed, monsieur!'

'Yes, madame; and I confess that souvenir is one of the sweetest of my life. Imagine that in '90—I was twenty then, and had left Caudebec to go to Paris, republican as all were then. Pardon, madame—'

'Not at all, monsieur, not at all; opinions are free.'

'This marquise is very liberal,' thought the captain.

He wanted to see the face of the marquise, but a green veil nearly covered it; yet, from a smile on her lips, he ventured to proceed.

'I was then a republican,' said he, 'and I was going to Paris to demand arms and a passport to the frontier. At Rouen I took a bad carriage into which about fifteen passengers were stowed in the most uncomfortable manner, and which took two days to go thirty leagues. In those times there were robbers—'

'As well as now, monsieur.'

'Oh! madame, many more, and far more dangerous; the chouans, forgers, and companies of Jesuits, terrible frequenters of the highways, who, under political pretences, infested the roads, and killed peasants even in their cottages. We were assailed, as we were to-night, by ferocious men, plunderers and assassins; they were quite numerous, and as at this time, all resistance was useless. They made us leave the carriage, forced us to sit down on the roadside, and brutally searched us. What should we do? Let ourselves be killed by the brigands? It would be to die a useless and almost shameful death. The two or three men who were with me in the carriage submitted; I did the same. I had a young CITIZENNE near me. Pardon, madame; they were called citizens then.'

'Proceed, monsieur,' said the marquise.

'A young woman. Ah! madame, I have travelled over all Europe, Italy, Spain, Germany, Poland, and never saw one so beautiful, so graceful, so perfect. The poor child was from Rouen; she was going to Paris to be married to a jockey, to whom she had been betrothed, and carried her dowrie in her bodice.'

'In her bodice, monsieur?' exclaimed the marquise.

'Yes, madame,' replied the captain. 'Susanne, (that was her name,) needed no fortune; had I been king, I would have shared my crown with her, only for her beautiful eyes; she had, nevertheless, stitched sixty louis in her bodice, which she was carrying with her to her betrothed.'

'Do you believe,' asked the marquise, 'that she loved the jockey?'

'He was from Rouen as well as she; their parents had arranged the marriage, and she asked nothing but to love him. But you are going to see. The chouans began with me; I had no watch then, nor captain's epaulettes; but they robbed me of a few crowns in my little purse, then went to Susanne; they searched her. One chouan, very skilful in his profession, discovered without difficulty the young girl's treasure; and in a wink the lace which confined her bodice was cut, and Susanne's dowry passed into the hands of those gentlemen. The young girl was near me, sitting close by the fence, weeping and half clad. I began by giving her an old cloak, which had not tempted the robbers' cupidity. Then, on seeing her so beautiful, I comprehended there was something left her more precious than her dowry. I said to her, 'Citoyenne, we are in bad hands; trust me, and let us get away from this place.' She thought as I did, and decided to follow me. We crouched along the road in the dark, and when we thought we had got far enough, we arose, took each other's hand, and ran without knowing where.'

'At length daylight appeared. We were in a little village, whose name I have forgotten, but which was not far from the road to Paris, and both of us were without a sou; she with-

out a bodice, I without a cloak; we took the road to the capital; that unites a great deal, madame.'

'I believe so,' said the marquise.

'At Paris, the business was to find Susanne's jockey. I might have injured her in seeking for him; she undertook it all alone. I saw her depart with tears in her eyes.'

'May heaven conduct you, Citoyenne Susanne,' said I, 'and make you as happy as you deserve to be.'

'Had I made the campaign of Italy before that time, I should have found something else to have said to her. She appeared, on her part, sorry to leave me; I was then a handsome youth, ruddy and well built, such as I still was five years ago in my regiment, where they called me the handsome captain. I gave her my address, told her to count on me, if she had need of assistance or protection, and at last we separated. Two hours afterwards, she returned to me. Would you believe that her jockey did not want her? He was a coarse young man, avaricious, more tempted with the dower than the young girl; he would have refused Venus herself, if she had not sixty louis; he proved it, for Susanne was as beautiful as Venus. She was then with me, who loved her, and whom she loved; refused by Jean Crochart, (that was the jockey's name,) and not daring to return to her parents, because her fortune had been stolen from her. She had not a sou; I was a little richer than she, for I had found a relation who had lent me fifty crowns. I put my little fortune into her hands, and soon afterwards they called me into the army.'

'I left her, and with her I left my heart. For fifteen years I wrote from Italy, Egypt and Spain. It is now ten years since I have written to her, but I had always hoped. Since Waterloo, I have hoped no longer. The old soldier has lost all, his emperor, rank in the world, his eagles, and her whom he loved. Pardon, madame! perhaps you do not understand such things.'

'Charles! Charles!' exclaimed the marquise, 'do you not recognize me?'

The captain sprang upon his chair: his movement was so violent that he upset his cup of tea. He lifted the green veil which covered the marquise's face.

'You, Susanne!' said he; 'you, Susanne! Madame la Marquise!'

And he looked at the black eyes, still beautiful, although she was as much as forty-three; the forehead white, and the lips still rosy; a tranquil life had prolonged her youth.

'Yes, 'tis I!' said the marquise; 'and although I am a widow, I have been almost as faithful as you, for I have always loved you. If I did not answer your letters, it was because I only received the first ones, and not knowing at that time how to read or write, the idea of taking a third into our confidence was repugnant to me. You advised me to return to Rouen—it was impracticable; you do not know how sensible a Norman family are to the loss of sixty louis. They would not have received me at home; I remained in Paris: still I must live.—A young marquise, who wished neither to serve the republic nor go to foreign countries, fell in love with me. I loved you; I had no difficulty in remaining wise. Then the Marquis of Belle-Chasse proposed to marry me at the altar of reason.—I saw through his intentions, and I told him he would not lead me before the altar of reason, until we had been married by a priest. He consented. As I have already told you, I did not love him; and I soon saw that he was a feeble being, whom it was necessary to govern, to avoid being unhappy with him—for there is nothing worse than being governed by weak people. I easily escaped this danger, and for twenty years he was my humble servitor. He knew nothing more than to regret his lost nobility, and died, very MAL A PROPOS, two or three years before the return of those whom he called masters, and his death has left me a rich dowager. I have, my good Charles, houses in Paris; I have claims on the estate; I have, in fine, at two leagues from Rouen, the superb estate of Belle-Chasse.'

At this moment, which was about day-break, Lise entered the room where the marquise and the captain were sitting, to tell them that a diligence was going that very instant from Vernon, and that it had places to accommodate the marquise and the captain.

'Captain,' said the marquise, 'it is impossible for you to go as far as Caudebec without suffering a great deal; you are wounded, and you have no orders for the hospital; you must go to Belle-Chasse.'

This proposition was accepted, and the souvenirs of love were so sweet and powerful—the captain was still a handsome man—that M. Thierry left Belle-Chasse only to go and visit his old father, and get indispensable papers. He after-

wards returned, and married the marquise. Thus the poor officer on half-pay became a rich proprietor.

Some days after the wedding, a fat individual in a blue jacket and cap d'ASTRACAN, presented himself in the saloon, just after breakfast.

'Pardon, excuse, monsieur and madame, said he, with a canting smile; 'you do not recognize me!'

'Ah!' said the marquise, 'you were conductor when we were stopped on the highway! Very well, there was no harm in it.'

'Indeed, madame! There's a reasonable person! They do not at all resemble you in the post house. They want even to make me pay for the wheel which the robbers broke, and I come to ask for a certificate—'

'Very willingly, my friend,' said the captain, without giving him time to finish his sentence. 'What is your name?'

'Jean Crochart.'

'Jean Crochart!' said the captain.

'Jean Crochart!' repeated Madame Thiery, with that disdainful air which women always have towards men who have proved themselves unworthy. 'Jean Crochart, formerly a jockey?'

'Yes, madame, at your service.'

'Very well, sirrah! Go down to the office; my husband will send you the certificate you want; and if the administration of the post make you pay for the broken wheel, write to me, and I will reimburse you.'

Jean Crochart obeyed, and left the chateau de Bell-Chasse without ever suspecting that he had refused the hand of Madame Thiery, or by what strange chance Susanne and Charles had been reunited, after one acquired glory, and the other fortune.

Editor's Department.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, JULY 8, 1846.

EMERSON BENNETT, EDITOR.

PUBLISHING OFFICE AT BAILLIE & CO'S., 104½, MAIN ST., WHERE PERSONS IN THE CITY WISHING TO SUBSCRIBE CAN LEAVE THEIR NAMES OR PROCURE SINGLE NOS. 5 CTS. EACH.

THE CASKET.

Circumstances, beyond the control of the editor, may, perhaps, delay the publication of the next No. of the Casket beyond its usual time of appearance—but we hope our readers and subscribers will be as lenient with us as possible, and we will try in future to give them no further cause of complaint.

THE FOURTH

As far as came within our observation, passed off very pleasantly. The day was exceedingly warm, without showers. In the city all was life and animation. The streets were thronged with ladies and gentlemen, the former many of them very beautiful, their faces wreathed with smiles that must have proved a sore temptation to here and there a crusty old bachelor. Several of the Firemen formed a procession and marched through the streets, preceded by some of the finest music we ever heard. We also saw several of the soldiers out, who had been rejected by the Governor, but had since been accepted by the President. They made a fine appearance, and appeared well drilled. There were no accidents, rows, or disturbances, that we heard of, and altogether we think the day proved one of the most pleasant we ever experienced.

DAUGERRETYPE.

We consider the Daugerreotype, however simple and familiar it may appear to the public in general, as one of the most remarkable inventions of the Nineteenth century. An invention which, as a friend of ours graphically expressed it, "seizes upon a shadow and holds it fast." There is about a Daugerreotype likeness, when well executed, a truthfulness of expression, an absence of everything like flattery, that puts the power of the pencil completely at defiance.

We have been in a goodly number of rooms, devoted to this delightful art, in different cities of the East, and have had our own phiz taken several times,—but never have we seen so fine a display of elegant work, never have we seen our likeness so naturally depicted, (save in a mirror,) as we saw at HAWKINS' DAUGERRETYPE ROOMS, ON FIFTH STREET, a few days since. Many have imbibed a prejudice against this kind of likeness, from the fact that so many have gone about humbugging the people, who knew little or nothing about their business. Now there is an art in taking a good likeness by the Daugerrean process, as much so as with the pencil, and in this art Mr. Hawkins seems to be nearer perfection than any we have heretofore seen. Those who wish a GOOD like-

ness, should give him a call, and they will find his prices low, and himself—as we did—an agreeable gentleman.

EXCHANGES.

From some cause we cannot account for, unless the irregularity of the mails, we do not receive more than one half of our exchanges in due time, and many of them not all, for weeks. Among those which have been irregular of late, we mention the following:—COMMERCIAL, HERALD, SUNDAY NEWS, and AMERICAN CITIZEN, of Cincinnati. As we have received several others from there, regularly, where lies the fault—can the editors explain? We believe some of them are mailed wrong; in fact the Post master here informed us that the HERALDS, intended for Lawrenceburgh, were very frequently put in a package for some inland town, of which we have forgotten the name. Will they oblige us by looking into this matter? Among others, at a distance, is the EVE. POST, PHILA.—MORRIS' PRESS, N. Y.,—the latter, in particular, not having been received for some four weeks. We wish those who have heretofore directed to CASKET, CINCINNATI, O., would alter their entry to LAWRENCEBURGH, IND.; by so doing we would get their papers much sooner, and save the Cincinnati Post master the trouble of re-directing. Will the respective editors to whom this paragraph comes marked, confer a favor on us by taking the trouble to see that all is made straight.

MURDER.

A man by the name of Priest, residing near Lawrenceburgh, Ind., had his skull broken in on Wednesday the 1st inst., by a stone thrown by another of the name of Smith, which resulted in his death on the 3d. The circumstances attending the case are briefly these. It seems that Smith had been in town during the day, had become somewhat intoxicated, and was proceeding home in a rather quarrelsome state—in company with another by the name of Morris, between whom some altercation had taken place—when the deceased, seeing them as they approached his residence, went out to meet and ask them for a drink of liquor, which Smith was carrying with him in a bottle. Smith handed him (Priest) the bottle, and, while the latter was drinking, struck at him, which he fended off by throwing up his arm, by which means the bottle was broken and was then thrown at Smith's head by Priest. Smith was so enraged at this, that he fell upon the latter, commenced beating, and swore he would kill him, which, but for timely interference, he would probably have done on the spot. He afterwards proceeded to Priest's house, and attempted to break in the front way, but was prevented by Priest, himself. He then went round to the back door, which, unluckily not being fastened, he opened, and seeing Priest standing at the other door, threw a stone at him about the size of a brick, which, striking him on the head, resulted in his death as before stated.

A Coroner's inquest has been held, and the jury have returned a verdict that the deceased came to his death from the effects of a stone thrown by Smith. Smith we understand has fled, but warrants have been issued for his arrest and persons are already in pursuit. So much for liquor and a drunken spree.

PRIZE COMEDY.

The following, taken from various sources, concerning Marble's new "Prize Comedy," is sufficient, we should think, to show the absurdity of endeavoring to gull the people with these "cracked up" prizes; which, in most cases, are neither more nor less than swindling humbugs—it being fully understood among themselves, (the wire-workers,) who is to receive the "prize" before even the offer of a reward to MERIT has been advertised to the world, thereby defrauding the public and authors, who, unacquainted with this chicanery, chance to write with the expectation of seeing justice done them. We hope this will prove sufficient to stop this deception, for it is fully time the public should understand, and discountenance it.

[From the Louisville Courier.]

The new prize comedy written by our friends, Robb and Field, of the Reveille, appears to have made a decided failure on its first representation in New York. We can't understand the matter altogether, but we suppose we are bound to believe what the papers say. We make the following extracts from New York papers of the 20th ult.:

FAMILY TIES, the new comedy produced last night at the Park Theatre, is far more miserable than we feared it would be. Its plot is puerile, dramatic situation it has none, its wit is of the sorriest sort, and it has not even the merit of being a suitable vehicle for Mr. Marble's peculiarities. None of the

characters offer any opportunities for acting, and the pretty looks and manner of Mrs. Abbott, and the admirable assumption of French accent and manners by Mr. Vache, were the only relief to the stupidity of the play. Mr. Barrett's gagging about "a hasty plate of soup," and the introduction of the rat traps, created some laughter, and Miss Crocker's appearance in moustaches, a frock coat and ACCORDINGS, some applause; but nothing else succeeded in doing so.

If Mr. Marble paid \$500 for this comedy, he has, to use one of his own expressions, "been pretty considerably done," and, for the author's sake, he had better not say who did him.

[Gazette & Times.]

PARK THEATRE.—Last night the new prize comedy was acted, and damned as it deserved.—[Courier & Enquirer.]

It is tame, flat, devoid of originality—a libel on the title of Comedy—a perfect gag—and an unmitigated failure.

[Morning News.]

THE TONGUE.

There are but ten precepts of the law of God, says Leighton, and two of them, so far as concerns the outward organ and vent of the sins there forbidden, are bestowed on the tongue; one in the first table, and the other in the second;—as though it were ready to fly out both against God and man if not thus bridled.

Pythagoras used to say that a wound from the tongue was worse than a wound from the sword, for the latter affects only the body, the former the spirit—the soul.

It was a remark of Anacharsis, that the tongue was at the same time the best part of man and his worst: that with good government, none is more useful, and without it none more mischievous.

Boerhave, says Dr. Johnson, was never soured by calumny and detraction; nor ever thought it necessary to confute them. "For," said he, "they are sparks, which, if you do not blow them, will go out themselves."

We cannot, says Cato, control the evil tongues of others, but a good life enables us to despise them.

Slander, says Lacon, cannot make the subject of it either better or worse; it may represent us in a false light, or place a likeness of us in a bad one, but we are the same: not so the slanderer; for calumny always makes the calumniator worse, but the calumniated—never.

No one, says Jerome, loves to tell a tale of scandal except to him who loves to hear it. Learn then to rebuke and check the detracting tongue, by showing that you do not listen to it with pleasure.

Cowper says:

"An honest, sensible and well-bred man
Will not insult me, and no other CAN."

CHOLERA.

The following account of this terrible ravager we clip from the Louisville Courier:—

By accounts from the European papers it seems that the dreadful scourge, the cholera, is again on its devastating march over the Eastern continent, and report says it has made its appearance in Canada. [This we believe is unfounded.] It first appeared recently in some of the provinces of Persia, carrying death into the principal towns. It has spread from Bokhara to Herat and Meshio, and has now taken the direction from the Caspian Sea to Teheran and Ispahan. Late accounts from Odessa state that it had crossed the Russian territory and appeared suddenly at Tiflis, taking a northerly direction between the Caspian and the Black seas. On the other side the cholera broke out unexpectedly at Orenbourg, in the mines of the Ural mountains; it crossed the Volga, and set its foot in Europe, at Casan, only 2,000 kilometers from St. Petersburg. It has advanced from west to north, and does not seem to have followed the banks of the river, as in 1828 and 1832. The cholera which devastated France in 1831 and 1832, had been raging in Persia for seven years, from 1823 to 1830. It first appeared in 1823 at Orenbourg, and shed death around that town for five years. It re-appeared at Orenbourg in 1829, and one-tenth of the population fell a victim.

It broke out at St. Petersburg in July, 1831, and in France in the October of the same year. It afterwards extended its ravages to the Western continent. Its first appearance here baffled the skill of medical men, but a better acquaintance with the formidable pestilence enabled them to strip it of its terrors and arrest its progress. It first attacked the hard drinker. Those whose constitution stamina had been broken down by self-abuse and dissipation fell almost invariably victims, while those who preserved a temperate and sober life, who avoided excess of every kind, and kept their minds in a tranquil condition, escaped.

Selected.

EDITH WARREN.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

About a quarter of a mile from Collybark* Point, on a beautiful little knoll, stood during the Revolution, a neat, pretty (for in those days it was very pretty) American farm-house which was inhabited by an old native whom we shall call Adam Warren, his 'better moiety,' and two lovely daughters, just budding into womanhood. From the Piazza of the house, the view of the surrounding country was beautiful. The majestic Hudson, a short distance from the door-way, the Highlands, and the tall trees with their rich foliage made it a scene almost enchanting. The quiet and peace of the good old farmers were not disturbed in those days by the noise of steamboats and other river craft, a holy calm pervaded all around, and nature seemed fairly intoxicated with her own loveliness.

Close by the kitchen door of the farm-house was a well, which was said to be over a hundred feet deep, at the bottom of which, old gossips shrewdly hinted that 'lots of gold' was buried to prevent its getting into the hands of the British and Hessians. Adam Warren's house was two stories high, very large and commodious, with plenty of room for his family and more to spare for 'company.' In those days painters and carpenters were not so plenty as they are now, you probably know, gentle reader, and therefore Adam Warren was prevented from having the external appearance of his house looking just as he wanted it—for he was a man of very great taste, and rather 'upper ten thousand,' in his views.

It was the close of the last day of summer of 1783, that our story commences. It had been a lovely day, and the departing rays of the sun shed a rich lustre on the surrounding scenery, which made it more picturesque and beautiful than ever. Adam had just finished his supper, when the news arrived that an intimate friend of his had fallen from a tree, broken both his legs, and was not expected to survive. It was a distance of over ten miles, and although Adam had been hard at work all day in the field he resolved to set off immediately. After seeing that everything was safe and secure in the house, for Adam Warren was a man pretty well to do in the world, he had 'Black Bess' saddled for the ride. He had frequently gone away and left his family alone before, although these were dangerous times to do so, and as they had never been molested, he felt no fear this time, as they seemed perfectly willing to stay alone, and exerted themselves considerably to get him off.

'Mind, Martha keep the house well fastened,' said Adam to his wife, as he mounted his horse. 'I have the rifles well loaded in the garret, and you will find plenty of powder and shot in the iron chest if you want it. I will be back by ten to-morrow—good-bye!' and as he said this, he dashed his spurs into his horse's sides and was soon out of the lane in the road. His wife and daughter watched from the piazza until he was out of sight, and the noise of his horse's hoofs had died away.

'The Hessians will have to be pretty cute to get our new hats this time, won't they Eliza?' said Mrs. Warren to her eldest daughter as they were seated around the sowing table in the evening.

'Indeed they will,' was the brief reply.

'How is that?' asked Edith, the youngest, who was very busily engaged at sewing something similar to patchwork.

'Why mother has buried them?' said Eliza.

'Buried them! that's quite a joke, ha! ha! you don't mean it?' asked Edith, laughing until the tears started in her beautiful blue eyes.

'I do mean it, and what's more, I mean that no one will know where they are but ourselves,' replied Eliza.

'I think myself it's a famous idea,' said Mrs. Warren—'people bury money; why cannot we bury our hats?'

'Hark! exclaimed Eliza, suddenly starting up, 'I thought I heard a voice under the window!'

Immediately all was silent as death. Edith dropped her work, and Mrs. Warren followed her example. They were still as possible for at least ten minutes, but not a sound was audible. 'Oh pshaw! she's trying to frighten us!,' exclaimed Edith, tired with listening.

'Or else it's the wind she heard,' said Mrs. Warren, looking surreptitiously over her specs.

'I am positive it was a human voice!' said Eliza.

'Oh nonsense! you are getting nervous,' replied Mrs. Warren, resuming her work.

* The name is now changed to Croton.

'Well, I might have been mistaken, but it sounded very much like the voice of a man.'

'Hist! did you hear that—the report of a rifle?' said Edith.

'And now another voice under the window,' said Eliza.

'You are right this time,' said Mrs. Warren, 'I heard a voice and a footstep, too.'

'Hark! Hark! don't whisper!'

'They are walking on the piazza, I do believe.'

'Hist! hist! 'tis the company of foraging Hessians,' said Mrs. Warren in a low voice. 'The doors and windows are well barred and bolted down stairs, girls, and let's look after the rifles in the garret.'

In a moment the mother and her two children had ascended the stairs, and were in the garret, or as it was termed by Adam, the 'Gun Room.'

'Four rifles well loaded, and plenty of ammunition, girls, so we can give them as good as they send,' said Mrs. Warren, closing the room door.

'That we can!' exclaimed the girls; and each one took a rifle from the corner.

'Hark! hear that! they are trying to force the door,' whispered Edith.

'Open the windows cautiously, Eliza,' said Mrs. Warren, 'and we will give them a taste of our quality.'

The words were scarcely out of her mouth, when crack! crack! crack! went the three rifles.

'Ha! ha!' shouted the leader of the party below, 'we have them now. Three fair faces or my eyes deceive me.—Something more than we expected—by Jove! we must work hard for them!'

The report of another rifle was at that instant heard, and the gallant leader bit the dust.

'Quick! quick! Edith,' exclaimed Mrs. Warren, 'reload the rifles, or they will be too much for us!'

'You are almost exhausted, mother,' replied Edith, handing her a loaded rifle; 'let me take your place for a while.'

'No, no; keep out of danger girl; I am prepared for—'

Oh God, that shriek! how wild and terrible, as it burst from the lips of the lovely girl, when the next moment her mother stretched a corpse at her feet! A rifle-ball had penetrated her forehead, and sank deep, deep into her skull.

'Let's hold out no longer,' said Eliza, as she had been weeping over her dead mother, there is no use, and now she is dead what have we to live for?'

'Courage, sister, courage!' replied Edith, taking up the rifle used by her parent, and rushing once more to the window. 'This shall avenge her death!'

'Be merry, Boys, be merry!' shouted the present leader of the party, 'we have settled the account of one of them, and the two others cannot stand it much longer.'

The report of a rifle was heard from the window, and another Hessian bit the dust. Hark! there goes another, and another, and another! Each one carries death with it.

'Damnation!' shouted one of the Hessians, 'this is paying dearly for a little booty; seven killed and nothing gained yet. Come boys let's see if we cannot get a little rest. The other party will be along in the morning, and then we will have them without any trouble.'

'Agreed,' chimed in the other two, and the trio took up their quarters for the night on the piazza.

The sun arose mild and beautiful next morning, the birds caroled forth their gay notes merrily as ever; but yet there seemed to be a stillness about the old cottage—a mournful stillness that spoke of death and sorrow.

Long before the hour of ten arrived (the time that Adam was to come back,) Eliza and Edith were planning how they could best get away, and inform him of the danger that awaited him if he approached the house.

'After all, Eliza,' said Edith, 'I think we had better resume our old positions, and guard him from their attacks as best we can. If we attempt to escape from the house we certainly shall be detected, then all hope is lost for him!'

'You are right, you are right, sister,' replied Eliza, clinging fondly around Edith's neck, 'and may God bless you for a kind, noble girl!'

Hark! what sounds approach! 'Tis the tramping of horses' hoofs. A moment, and 'Black Bess' turns the angle of the road, with the gallant rider.

'Throw those dead bodies in the bushes, Ned; quick, or the old chap will be here before you. Dead men tell no tales, but they are better out of sight.'

'It shall be done, captives,' and a short chubby little fellow walked from the stoop to execute the order. 'Curses on old Bob's head! he has made me bloody all over?'

'Black Bess' with her rider soon approached the house.

On seeing the three men on the stoop, dressed as Hessians, Adam began to suspect that all was not right, but sooner than exhibit the least particle of fear, he rode up to the old walnut tree in front of the house and dismounted. The old man was without even a pistol, and seeing that the three men were well provided with fire-arms he concluded to treat them friendly, and act as unconcerned as possible.

'Fine morning, major,' said the one nearest the door, as he came up the stoop.

'A very fine morning indeed,' replied Adam.

'We have traveled considerable since daybreak, and have taken the liberty to rest awhile on your stoop—suppose you have no objections?'

'None at all, gentlemen,' he replied, 'won't you walk in with me and take some refreshments?'

'All is now lost!' exclaimed Eliza, as she heard her father's invitation to them.

'Not yet,' replied Edith, running to the head of the stairs with the rifles. 'We are now equally matched. Nerve yourself and we shall soon triumph!'

'I have a terrible foreboding Edith, that one of us will die this morning.'

'Hush, hush! you are nervous, I am sure you are. They are in the house now. Hark! some one knocks at the stair door. There is a scuffle below—may be they are murdering him—hark! that knock again, 'tis his, and he has escaped! Open it quick, open it Eliza, while I stand here with this good rifle!'

The door opens, but instead of her father, it is the present leader of the counterfeit Hessians, dressed in his clothes. In a moment Eliza discovered that she had been deceived, and started back with a bound and endeavored to gain the top of the stairway.

'Hold! not quite so fast, my pretty one, I must taste the nectar of those pretty lips before you go. You have done considerable mischief, and you must now, in a measure, repay us! And so saying the ruffian caught the tender form of the young girl in his arms, and would have polluted her lips with a touch of his, had she not, with one superhuman effort torn herself from him.

'Stand back, you fiend, or—' the words were scarcely out of her mouth before a ball from the rifle of Edith had entered his brain, and he fell senseless at her feet.

At the report of the rifle the old man burst away from the hold of the two ruffians, for they had endeavored to bind him to a post in the room, and seeing his child before him he rushed toward her; but before he reached the stairs a blow from behind made him reel and stagger to the floor.

'They have killed him! quick Edith, they have killed him!' exclaimed Eliza, on seeing her father fall.

'It's too late now, my beauty,' said one of the ruffians, as he caught hold of the bosom of her dress and tore it open. 'It's too late now—you have done us enough injury, and by my good name, we'll make you pay for it. Hark! she rosy lips, Bill! I'll take her, and you can have the other, up stairs; but you will have to fight amazing hard to get her. She is a perfect she devil in petticoats. The way she popped over the old commodore was a caution to all land sharks, now, I tell ye! Good girl, though, good girl, and worth getting!'

He had hardly spoken the words before Adam had recovered from the effect of the blow, was on his feet, and had his hands grasped tightly round the ruffian's neck.

'Let go your hold, old man, or I'll strike you hard, I tell ye.'

As he spoke the other ruffian raised the butt of his rifle in the air, and the next moment the blood spirted from a broad wound in the old man's forehead, and he fell backward to the floor.

'And you take that,' said he, striking Eliza a blow with his fist, 'and see if you can't keep your jaw tight for a while.'

The fair young girl reeled and fell behind her father without uttering a syllable. As she fell, he uttered a deep groan—he was dying.

'Now for the one up stairs, and we are safe,' said the ruffian, motioning his comrade to follow.

Edith had but one rifle loaded, and as she saw them approach she determined to do the most with it.

'Stand back!' she exclaimed, 'I will shoot the first that comes near.'

Her courage and determination made the two ruffians shrink for a moment with fear.

'She is only a woman, Bill,' said the tallest, advancing.

'But she has the very devil in her eye now, I tell ye.'

'You are not afraid, are you?—come on.'

Edith's mind was made up—she fired, and he fell with a terrible yell, dead at his comrade's feet.

"You have killed him, but not me!" shouted the fellow, jumping forward and grasping her hand. "I have all your gold—they are both dead down stairs, and you have now got to follow them. But stop—if you say you will freely become my wife you shall live—I like your face, and I think we could agree pretty well. Which do you prefer—what say you? Speak quick; I'll have no delay."

"Sooner than wed a wretch like thee, I would prefer to die upon the spot," replied Edith, in a clear calm voice. "You are answered, now do with me as you like."

"You had better think a moment longer, my blossom."

"You have my answer already."

"Well, since you are so ugly about it, you shall be gratified. After accomplishing my purpose you shall die by the side of those down stairs; so come along my blossom," and he caught her in his arms, and polluted her lips with a kiss.

He had hardly done so, however, before a well directed blow from behind sent him reeling to one corner of the room. In an instant, Edith had recovered herself, and looking up she exclaimed—"Saved! saved! saved!" and fell prostrate at the feet of a young American officer.

"Secure that man," said he to the soldiers at his side, "and he shall be made to pay dearly for his morning's work. We were right in suspecting that some foul play was going on here!"

Edith followed the young officer down stairs, was surprised to find that Eliza was recovered from the effects of the blow, and kneeling by the side of her dying father. In an instant Edith was there also. The young officer offered his assistance, but it was of no avail. The spirit of the old man was soon to return to the God who gave it. With great effort he was raised partly up by his own request, and taking hold of the hands of Eliza and Edith, he faintly articulated, "Blessings on—" the last words died away in his throat, and he sank back in Edith's arms, dead!

Five months from that day America and England were at peace, and one year from that, Edith Warren was the happy wife of Edward Little, the gallant young officer. Eliza never married, but lived with her sister till the day of her death. Where once stood the old farmhouse of Adam Warren, there is now erected a large and elegant mansion, owned by a wealthy merchant of this city.

THE CITY OF MATAMORAS.

The following interesting letter from Matamoras, we find in the New Orleans Tropic.

They [the people of Matamoras] are a happy, simple people, whose aim seems to be to make provision for to-day, leaving to-morrow to look out for itself. All along the road they were found waiting with milk, a sort of bread which they call TORTILLAS, cheese, POLONCAS of maple sugar, and a sort of liquor resembling in looks and taste San Croix rum. We paid them liberally for all we obtained, which, to them, must have presented a strong contrast to the Mexican soldiery, who spread dismay and devastation among their own people wherever they go. It seems to have been the desire of every man in our ranks to make the line of disparity between American and Mexican soldiers as palpable as possible, and the good effects of such conduct, if not immediately developed, will, in the course of time, be made apparent. Our march was very heavy, particularly the day we left the Baritas, and some of our young men were very much used up. Two from company A were so much affected by the scorching sun as to be unable to proceed further, and stopped at the house of a Mexican, where they received the utmost kindness and attention during the night, and were furnished horses in the morning to catch up with us.

It was about ten o'clock in the morning, when we reached the town of Matamoras, though its white buildings, so different from those we passed on the route, had attracted the eye long before that time. There was something far more attractive to the eye than the white buildings of the town, something to awaken a thrill of pleasure in the breasts of the whole regiment, the Stripes and Stars were majestically floating in the breeze from the highest point in Matamoras, and between the river and the town, hundreds and hundreds of white tents were pitched in such admirable order as to induce the beholder to think it a great town.

As we entered the town at the east end, thousands of people sallied out from their houses to look upon us, whose looks more bespoke a welcome to their own army than to that of the invaders. At many a half-opened door or window was to be seen the head of a Senora, whose timidity or modesty,

(albeit they allow so little to the Mexicans) forbade their emerging into the streets. Some of these women are indeed beautiful, though a great majority are indolent, slovenly and destitute of that female delicacy which characterizes our women. Their common dress is a white muslin skirt, tied quite loosely around the body, without any bodice; their chemise being the only covering for their breast, in which they wear their jewelry and cross. I did not see one pair of stockings in all the town. From this style of dressing you will infer that pride of dress gives way to comfort and ease, and that, too, in a greater degree, than I think the largest liberty would warrant them in indulging in. I went into a house yesterday evening, occupied by an old man and two daughters, both speaking a sufficiency of English to be understood. After being seated a few moments, the oldest of the daughters went to the bed and brought to me a most lovely and interesting child, as white almost as any of our own people. She informed me that she was married about two years ago to a Texan prisoner, and that he had been killed whilst fighting under General Taylor. She spoke in the highest terms of her deceased lord, and seemed to worship his image in the child. She is a lovely creature, and I think devoted to our cause.

Matamoras is a much handsomer place than I expected to find it. It covers two miles square, though by no means as compact as an American city—every house except those around the public square having a large garden attached. The houses in the business part of the town are built after the American fashion, though seldom exceeding two stories in height. All the windows to these buildings are grated from top to bottom with iron bars, and half the door only opens for admittance, which gives them the appearance of prisons more than business houses. The public square is in the centre of the town, and must have been laid off by an American or European, for the Mexicans never could have laid it out with such beauty and precision. On the four sides of the square the houses are built close together as in a block, and are of the same size and height, with the exception of the cathedral, which, though unfinished, still towers above the others. In these houses are sold dry goods, groceries, and every kind of wares, with now and then an exchange or a coffee house. They are principally occupied by Europeans, and you can hear French, English, Spanish and German spoken at the same time. After leaving the public square on either side, the houses decrease in beauty for two or three squares, when the small reed and thatched huts commence, and continue to the extreme limits of the place.

In walking through the streets, my attention was attracted to a house, in the door of which stood, or leaned two half-naked Mexicans, so wo begone as to cause me to halt. On my nearing the door a most disagreeable stench almost induced me to bout-face. I mustered courage to enter the door. On the floor, lying upon mats, without covering, were near fifty Mexicans, wounded in the late engagements, attended by some ten or twelve women. The smell of the place was insufferable and I had to leave it. The next door was the same, and so on for about twenty houses. A friend of mine called my attention to a room in which there were at least forty of these miserable objects, and this room was scarcely twelve feet square. There was not positively room for the nurses to attend them. Some had lost a leg, others an arm, and some both legs and arms. I noticed one who will certainly get well whose legs were shot off, within two or three inches above the knee, and he seemed to me to have a greater flow of spirits than some who had only flesh wounds. I said to him, had his wound been made by a Mexican shot he would have been dead; to which he replied, the American shot was very good—no poisonous copper in them. One had died just before I entered the room, and they were making preparations to carry him out. He had been shot in the mouth with a rifle ball which passed out under his left ear, and he had lived from the 9th up to this time. There are between 350 and 400 of these horrid objects in this place, and the sight of them would induce many a stout heart to lament the horrors of war. These men give the number of killed and wounded on the 9th much greater than the Americans ever claimed—some say 1200 and some 1500; but enough.

STRIKING ANECDOTE.

In a seaport town on the West coast of England, some years ago, there was notice given of a sermon to be preached on Sunday evening. The preacher was a man of great fame, and that circumstance, together with the pious object of the discourse—to enforce the duty of strict observance of the

Sabbath—attracted an overflowing audience. After the usual prayer and hymn the preacher next gave out the text, and was about to proceed with his sermon, when he suddenly paused, leaned his head on his pulpit, and remained silent for a few moments. It was imagined that he had become indisposed; but he soon recovered himself and addressing the congregation, said, that before entering upon his discourse, he begged to narrate to them a short anecdote.

"It is now exactly fifteen years," said he, "since I was last within this place of worship, and the occasion was, as many here may probably remember, the very same as that which has now brought us together. Among those who came hither that evening, were three dissolute young men, who came not only with the intent of insulting and mocking the venerable pastor, but even with stones in their pockets to throw at him as he stood in this pulpit. Accordingly they had not listened long to the discourse, when one of them said impatiently, 'Why need we listen to the blockhead? throw!' but the second stopped him, saying, 'Let us first see what he makes of this point.' The curiosity of the latter was no sooner satisfied, than he, too said, 'Ay, confound him, it is only as I expected—throw now!' But the third interposed, saying it would be better altogether to give up the design which had brought them there. At this remark, his two friends took offence and left the church, while he remained to the end.

"Now mark, my dear brethren," continued the preacher, with much emotion, "what were afterward the several fates of these young men. The first was hanged many years ago, at Tyburn, for the crime of forgery; the second is now lying under sentence of death for murder; the third, my brethren,"—and the speaker's agitation was here excessive, while he paused and wiped the large drops from his brow—"the third is he who is now about to address you—listen to him!"

[Children's Friend.]

A NOBLE DOG.—A Baltimore correspondent of the North American, says:—The noble deeds of one who took part in the late triumphant battles with the Mexicans, have not yet been recorded—that one was lieutenant Randolph Ridgely's faithful dog, a beautiful pointer, which he took with him from this city. His master was peculiarly fond of him, and the dog, true to his nature, was more than fond of its master. From morning till night, it might be seen following the brave lieutenant, and in the hottest of the battle was always close by his noble charger's side, looking up into his face, as if with anxious solicitude. In the engagement of the 8th it proved a faithful sentinel. In that of the 9th, its fidelity was almost supernaturally manifest. Its vigilant eye was constantly turned upon its master, seemingly solicitous of his success, or anxious to be his last friend should death or danger overtake him. While thus faithful and vigilant, when the contest was nearly ended, and victory perched upon the American standard, an unlucky random cannon ball struck the poor animal, and severed it piece-meal. There may be no eye to weep for the fall of this instinctive friend and soldier, yet I doubt not it will long have a place in the memory of its brave and gallant master.

THE AMERICAN SHARP SHOOTERS.

Forsyth, so celebrated in the last war as the commander of a band of sharp-shooters, which harassed the enemy so much, happened, in a scouting party, to capture a British officer. He brought him to his camp, and treated him with every respect due to his rank. Happening to enter into conversation on the subject of sharp-shooters, the British officer observed that Col. Forsyth's men were a terror to the British camp; that, as far as they could see, they could select the officer from the private, who, of course fell a sacrifice to their precise shooting. He wished very much to see a specimen of their shooting. Colonel Forsyth informed the British officer that his wish should be gratified. The Colonel ordered one of his men to come forward, and inquired whether his rifle was in good order. "Yes, sir," replied the man. He then stuck a table knife in a tree about fifty paces distant, and ordered the man to split his ball. He fired, and the ball was completely divided by the knife, perforating the tree on each side. This astonished the British officer. Another soldier appeared. He was called, and ordered at the same distance, to shoot an ace of clubs out of the card. This was actually done! The British officer was confounded and amazed; still more so when the Col. informed him that, four weeks before, those men were at work in the capacity of husbandmen.

WRITTEN FOR THE CASKET.

I THINK OF THEE.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

I think of thee,—though years have flown,
Long years, since first in life we met,—
Of cares and griefs I much have known,
And much, since then, I would forget.

I've stood alone,—as men do stand
Who brave the world, its scoff and scorn—
Have seen withdrawn each look, each hand,
That friendly SEEMED—have felt forlorn:

Have felt forlorn,—for thou wert dead;
And but for one, a mother's tie,
I might have clipp'd life's brittle thread,
And died unwept, as thousands die.

And yet thy features, even then,—
When thoughts were wildest in my breast—
Would steal across my mental ken,
And calm my troubled soul to rest.

For but to see thy heavenly form—
Thy face so lovely, sweet, divine,
Were e'en enough to calm the storm
In hearts of sterner make than mine.

There beamed such Heaven in all thy look—
Thy thoughts, too, were so pure—like Heaven—
That those who thee for saint mistook,
If sinning thus, were all forgiven.

Thy life was like a summer flower,
Too fragile for the blasts of time,
Thy death was but the changing hour,
Of mortal, for immortal clime.

I think of thee, shall ever think,
While standing 'mong the race of men;
E'en on life's verge—death's awful brink—
I'll think, and pass, and SEE thee then!

News Items.

LATER FROM THE RIO GRANDE.

The James L. Day, Capt. Griffin, arrived at New Orleans on the 23d ult. from Brazos Santiago, having sailed thence the morning of Saturday the 20th. Among the passengers she brought over were Lieut. Col. Payne, on his way to Washington with Mexican trophies, Majors Irwin and Fowler, Capts. Smith, Stocton and Page, and Lieut. Sturges—all of the army.

The news by this arrival is not of much importance. The capture of Reynosa by Col. Wilson, is confirmed, so is the report that Gens. Arista and Ampudia, had both been ordered to Mexico. There was a report in camp, to which we attach no credit, that Herrera had been restored to power in Mexico, and that an armistice had been tendered to Gen. Taylor.

It is stated, upon good authority, that Gen. Taylor will go up the river to Reynosa, and probably to Camargo in a very short time.

A Company of the 5th Infantry had left for Reynosa on the Steamboat Aid. Reynosa has been almost entirely abandoned by its inhabitants, as also the RANCHES between Matamoras and the former place.

From the "Republic of Rio Grande," of the 16th ult., we make some extracts:

FROM THE MEXICAN ARMY.—By a Mexican citizen, direct from Camargo, we are informed that the Government has ordered the immediate appearance of Generals Arista and Ampudia in the city of Mexico; the former to explain satisfactorily the causes of the misfortunes which befel the Army in the late unsuccessful attempt upon the American forces—the latter, no doubt, to sustain some very serious charges which he has preferred against Arista. The representations made by these two chieftains, judging from the casual expressions, immediately after the destruction of their united forces, differed materially. Gen. Arista passed through Monterey some twelve days ago on his way to the city of Mexico. Gen. Ampudia proceeded by the way of Tampico. The almost universal opinion of the Mexican population is, that Arista sold his country for a good round sum of American gold.

We received the following letter from an officer attached to the command of Colonel Wilson:

REYNOSA, 11th June, 1846.

Dear Sir: This command, consisting of the 1st infantry, Thomas's Artillery, and Price's Texan Rangers, arrived at this place on the 10th, after a hot and tedious march of four and a half days. We found the place to be almost deserted. Canales is said to be in our neighborhood with three or four hundred men. He will probably communicate with us to-day. It is believed that he was in the village or close at hand last night. His intentions will soon develop themselves. We are all in good health and spirits."

GEN. GAINES COURT MARTIALED.—It is stated that the President has ordered Gen. Gaines to be tried by Court Martial on charges growing out of his recent movement at the South in calling into service volunteers to prosecute the war against Mexico, and that he is now under arrest awaiting the organization and convening of the Court.—[Cin. Com.]

A CHICAGO PAINTER IN LONDON.—We see it stated that Mr. Marsden Brooks, a young artist from Chicago, Illinois, is attracting a good deal of attention in London, by his paintings. A miniature he painted was so striking a likeness, that a Persian prince, a friend of the original, requested permission to carry it to Persia, and Mr. Brooks was of course engaged to paint another. Since then several others have been ordered. Thus a painter from a twelve year old city goes to the largest metropolis in Europe, and executes orders for Asia.—[N. Y. Mirror.]

MARINE DISASTER.

THIRTY LIVES LOST!—The N. York correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger, writing from that city on Sunday afternoon says:

Slips from the office of the Newport (R. I) Herald, dated yesterday, were this morning received by private hands, announcing the sinking of the brig Sutledge, at Martha's Vineyard, and the attendant loss of THIRTY LIVES. The principal particulars of this dreadful catastrophe I condense into as brief a space as possible.

The Sutledge, Captain Graham, of and from Picton, for Fall River, sailed on the 12th inst., with 56 passengers, men, women and children, and on Saturday morning, about three o'clock, the weather being thick and foggy, she struck on the Sow and Pigs, a ledge of rocks in the Vineyard; soon after which the tide caused her to slew round, and she backed off the ledge, filled and went down bow foremost, in ten fathoms water.

Previous to her going down, the boat was got out and passengers rushed into it, when the captain gave orders to shove her from the brig. He then jumped overboard and swam to the boat, and kept her as close to the brig as possible, picking up such as jumped into the water. The whole number thus picked up alive was thirty one.

The schooner Dusky Sally being near, sent her boat to assist and succeeded in saving six more alive, who were in the water, and three more from the rigging of the sunken brig. Sixteen bodies, four women and twelve children, were also picked up by the two boats, which, together with the survivors, were put on board the Dusky Sally and brought to Newport. Another vessel was at the same time picking up what was adrift from the wreck, &c.

The passengers were all foreigners—mostly Scotch, and were on their way to Pennsylvania, where they expected to find work in the mining business. The Odd Fellows and other humane citizens of Newport, made liberal contributions for the relief of the survivors, and collections were to be taken yesterday in all the churches for the same purpose. The bodies of the drowned were decently interred by the authorities at Newport.

THE CLAY STATUE.—The Richmond Whig says: "It gives us great pleasure to announce to those who have taken an interest in the effort, so creditable to the ladies of Virginia, to perpetuate in marble the features of our GREAT STATESMAN, that the contract for the completion of the Statue, as speedily as practicable, has been, within a few days past, finally made with Mr. Joel D. Hart, the Kentucky sculptor. After making a mould in plaster of his illustrious countryman, Mr. H. will immediately embark for Italy, for the purpose of completing a work, destined hereafter to be one of the ornaments of our Metropolis, and an enduring monument of the enthusiastic homage paid by the ladies of Virginia to Patriotism, Genius, Courage and Integrity."

Springs.

RECIPE TO MAKE A TATTLER.—Take of the vine called Runabout, and the root of Nimble Tongue, of each six handfuls, fifteen ounces of Ambition, the same quantity of Nonsense, bruise them together in the mortar of Misapprehension, then boil them over the fire of wild Surmises till you see the scum of Falsehood rising on the top—strain through the cloth of Misconstruction, put it in the bottle of Malignity, and stop it with the cork of Envy. Suck a glass through the quill of Malevolence, and you will be prepared to speak all manner of evil, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness.

"Pete Gumbo—I wish to propound one interjection to you, and I axes, nigger, a cat-and-dogical solution to the problem-un."

"Intercede nigger—dis child am concentratin de intellectual qualifications ob mental corporosity."

"Well den. Why am a TAYLOR appointed to command de forcibles ob de Texum army ob occupation?"

"Gib him up widout a struggle."

"Shaw, nigger! It is to strengthen de SEAT ob war, to make BREACHES in Matamoras, an' to SEW UP de Mexicans."

FEMALE VANITY.—The French Princess de Charlois when in the agonies of death, and receiving the last sacrament, yielded very reluctantly to the wishes of her confessor, to wipe off her rouge. "If I must," said she to her maid, "give me some other ribbons, for you know without ROUGE yellow ribbons look frightful upon me." The celebrated actress, Mrs. Oldfield, had the same penchant. Her last words, in arranging some articles of dress, were—"One would not like to look frightful after death." Pope satirized her:—

"One would not sure look ugly when one's dead,

And—Betty—give these cheeks a little red."

"There's a difference of opinion," as the fellow said when told he was Jackass.

"Mayn't I go tu meeting with your Sally?"

"No, you shan't."

"Wal, I only wanted tu know, cause Seth says his wife told him, that Ben Rogers' third wife's cousin, Hannah, wanted me to come and go with her."

"O, the hussey, you MAY go, John."

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